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AMERICA.

BY

LEROY.

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

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AMERICA.



America, great domain,
Blest land of liberty.
Praise to thy God, Great King,
Ruler of the Universe,
Who out of nothing made
The Earth, Sun, Moon and Stars.



Bounteous Earth,
Garden and habitation of man
Of whom many families there be;
Some in darkness, some in light.
Those who live in the light receive
The richest blessings of the Great King.





America, fertile land,
Inhabited by a noble race of men;
Men of courage, and shrewd device.
Land of pretty women, queen of her sex.
Men and women chaste and refined—
Greatest nation on the Earth.

Nation, soul divine,
Born of an industrious and pious maid,
Who sought the wilderness to escape
The designs of evil minded men,
Who did seek to destroy
The bloom on her fair cheek.

Child of divine paternity,
Nursed in the wilderness by a mother
Who by patience and much toil,
Converted the wilderness into a garden
Laid out into thirteen plats
In which grew all manner of fruits.









The garden, beautiful and rare,
Was claimed by a certain lord and trader
Who owned a host of ships
That sailed, loaded with merchandise,
From the trader's mart and port
To all known ports on the Earth.

The lord, crafty and bold,
Denied the maid a choice of marts
Wherein her produce she might dispose;
Decreed that all her trading she should do
At his port or mart, and her exports
Must be carried in either his ship or cart.

The maid, virtuous and just,
For his discovery of the land,
Allowed the claims of the lord so far
As to appoint governors in the garden,
One to preside over each plat
In the execution of civil law.









But liberty and justice
Claimed the maid of strong character,
Gave her the exclusive right
To dispose of the produce of the garden,
In whatever mart or port
That suited her convenience or taste.

While lord and maid
Were disputing over their claims or rights,
The maid's son grew in strength and power,
And when the dispute reached its height,
He championed his mother's cause,
And set in defiance the authority of the lord.

The lord, mighty in power and fame,
Was highly indignant at the maid's son
For his irreverence to his kingly grace.
He called him a rebel and other hard names,
And sent ship loads of mercenaries
With designs upon his life.









The maid's son, brave youth,
Either killed, captured, or put to flight
The mercenaries with designs upon his life.
The lord now relinquished all claims,
And sought the friendship of the youth
Who could stand in defense of liberty.

The youth now took possession
Of the garden as his due inheritance.
He called it a republic;
Each plat bore the name of a State,
And his own name he enrolled
Among the nations of the Earth.

All nations of respect and intelligence
Welcomed the youth into their household,
And called him Brother Jonathan;
But as he was so kind to his brethren's children,
Inviting them to reside in his house,
He soon obtained the sobriquet Uncle Sam.









As father and guardian,
Uncle Sam had a growing family
That increased with wonderful rapidity,
And to provide for its increased wants,
He extended the limits of his garden
Until it reached from sea to sea.

Uncle Sam, generous and kind,
Had some troublesome and unpleasant neighbors
Who, filled with envy at his prosperity,
Insulted him, and provoked him to fight.
But after a bout or two, Uncle Sam
Invariably made his enemies quiet.

Uncle Sam, industrious and blithe,
Increased in wealth, power, and fame,
But in the height of his prosperity
He was called upon to pay a penalty
For an indiscretion, a sin of his youth.
The penalty was the shedding of his blood.









Uncle Sam, when a child,
Even before he received a name,
Was persuaded by some wily traders
To buy some children of a sunny clime,
Which he worked in his mother's garden,
In the chains of slavery.

Slavery grew apace with time
Till the cries of the oppressed reached to Heaven;
The stars became confused and began falling,
The Sun refused to give his light,
All nature was in deep mourning:
Such was the magnitude of Uncle Sam's crime.

Four long years he wrestled with death,
With dissolution staring him in the face,
And within his house and garden
Numberless orphans and widows were made;
In that awful day when Uncle Sam paid
The penalty for his youthful indiscretion.







Four long years in great agony,
He travailed till repentance was complete;
Till the bonds of oppression were loosened,
Till the chains of slavery were forever broken.
Then four million was the number of children
That from bondage Uncle Sam set free.

After repentance and regeneration,
There follows a new life. This is true
Of the character we have in hand;
For after correcting the errors of his youth
Our hero receives new life and vigor,
Having the freshness of a new born child.



A child full of love and mirth,
With a face radiant and beautiful to behold,
The picture of a young and lovely maiden,
A virgin, beautiful and fair,
A princess, the queen of her race:
Such our hero now becomes.





With change of character
Our hero becomes a heroine.
Being so pure and noble,
A blessing to the race,
No longer will be known as Uncle Sam,
But by the name of Miss Columbia.

Miss Columbia, of rich inheritance,
Clothed in neat and simple garb,
Is the belle of nations, favorite of mankind,
Whose favor or smile of recognition
Is sought by kings, nobles, princes,
And all men of high estate.

Here the Prince of Darkness comes
Seeking to first obtain Columbia's recognition,
And then to win her heart.
This Prince claims authority of the God of light,
But where his influence is greatest,
Ignorance and superstition rule in their might.







Great is the power and fame
Of this wily Prince, who sits enthroned
In a palace in a city of ancient renown.
One million well-trained and liveried servants
Are obedient to his word and call,
And two hundred millions reverence his name.

'Twas said in the days of old
That the children of darkness were wiser,
In securing temporary influence and power,
Than are the children of light.
Can such be said in our modern day,
The days of Miss Columbia's prime?



Shall the belle of the nations
Ever be hoodwinked, led astray,
Or become the spouse of this wily Prince,
Who fattens on the cupidity of men?
God forbid that such should occur in the days
Of those who have known her in her prime.

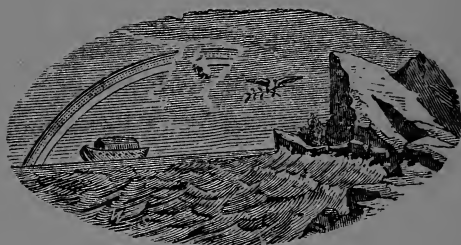


To the front, ye sons of light!
Ever guard the character of Columbia!
Keep her garments pure and white.
Make her the bride elect of the Prince of Light,
Who, returning upon Earth, shall rule
All nations a thousand years.

Prince of Light, Son of God,
Who shall rule all nations with power
A thousand years, giving forth light and glory
To all creatures in his realm.
Then peace shall be with all men:—
Oh, what a glorious age for the pure and just!

Time, thou art the greatest test
Of man's life, virtue and power;
Nations have risen in power, and then perished,
But thou before man was, endureth still.
May Columbia bear thy test and live
In purity till thy end, is our prayer.





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